Lillie Bozer
238397

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Heroes of the Dark Continent

BY CARLOTTA JEAN WICKSON.

The following story is founded on fact, and shows us that as true and kindly hearts beat in the boys and girls of a dark, uncivilized land as in this cultured Christian country of ours.

Cisamba, a Canadian mission in West Central Africa, founded by the Rev. Walter Currie in the year 1888, is situated in the country of Bihe, and the province of Angola, about three hundred miles inland from Benguela, which is on the coast. To the south is the Kuanza river, and clustered round are the villages, looking very picturesque with their mudded houses of dark red color, and brown thatched roofs. Here and there tall, dark green trees, and numerous ant-hills rising to the height of twelve or fourteen feet (peculiar to this neighborhood), add much to the beauty of the scenery.

In this striking spot our story opens. The sun is nearing the horizon, tinging the sky with streaks of gold and red, and making the ripples on the river sparkle and shine. Here and there native boys and girls may be seen, each intent on his or her assigned duty. Owing to impaired health Mr. Currie had been obliged to return to America for some months' rest, and during his absence the Rev. Wilberforce Lee had charge of the station.

On this particular evening Mr. Lee had just dismissed his school and turned his face homeward, when he was met by a native boy in scant dress and bare feet.

'The Ondona is worse; I was just going for you,' he said, in the Umbundu, or native tongue, referring to Mrs. Lee, who had been ailing for some time.

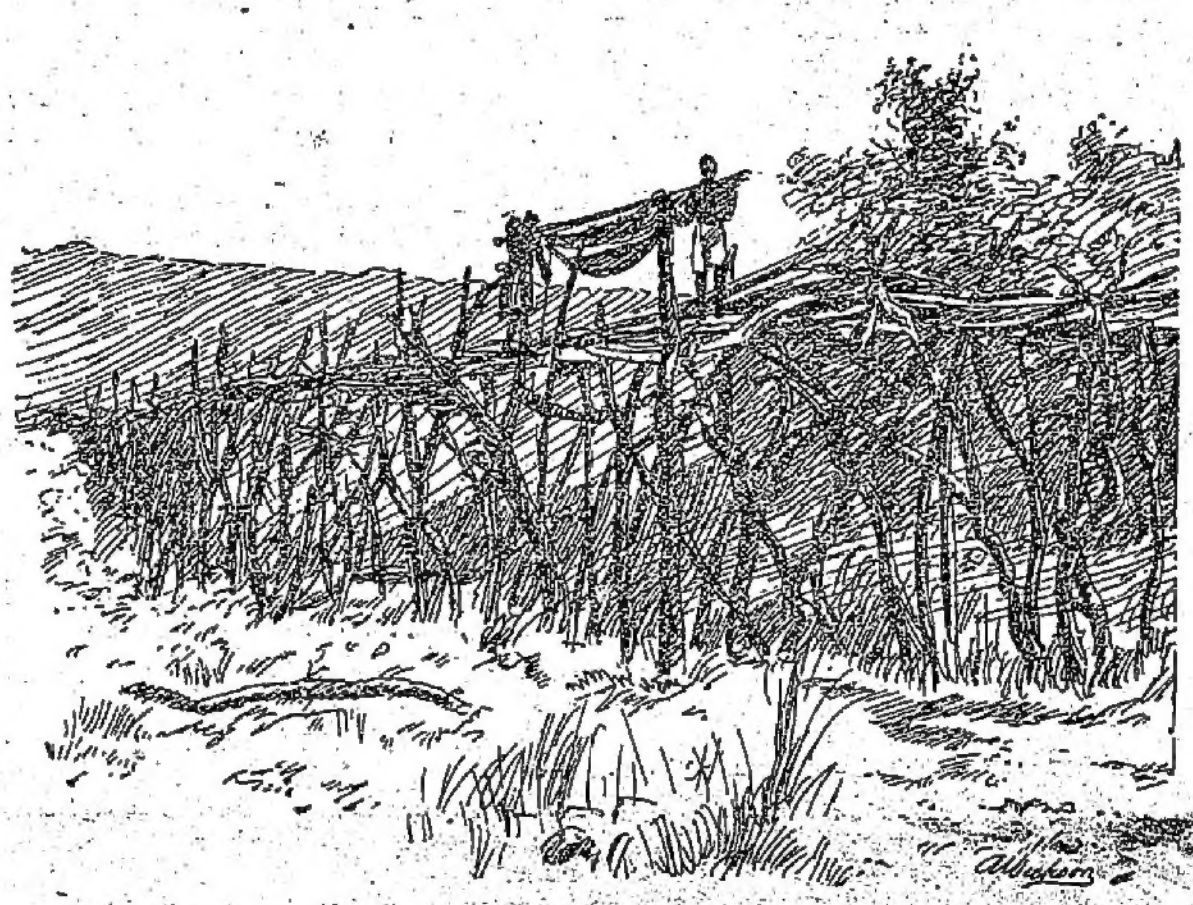
With a sinking heart Mr. Lee entered the kitchen and passed through into his wife's room. A few minutes later he came out, looking troubled and anxious, hastening towards the school-house, he met Miss Clarke, the assistant teacher.

'My wife is very ill; seriously so, I am afraid. Will you come over?'

'She should have the doctor as soon as possible,' said Miss Clarke, a little later on.

Dr. Clowe lived at Kamondongo station, thirty-six miles distant.

Who would be willing to risk their lives, for a risk it would be to travel through those dense forests in the darkness of night, when the wild beasts are seeking for prey?



'How can I send for him? The night is already coming on,' said Mr. Lee, and almost before he had time to say more several from a group of boys standing near had volunteered their services.

With moist eyes and full heart Mr. Lee tried to express his thanks.

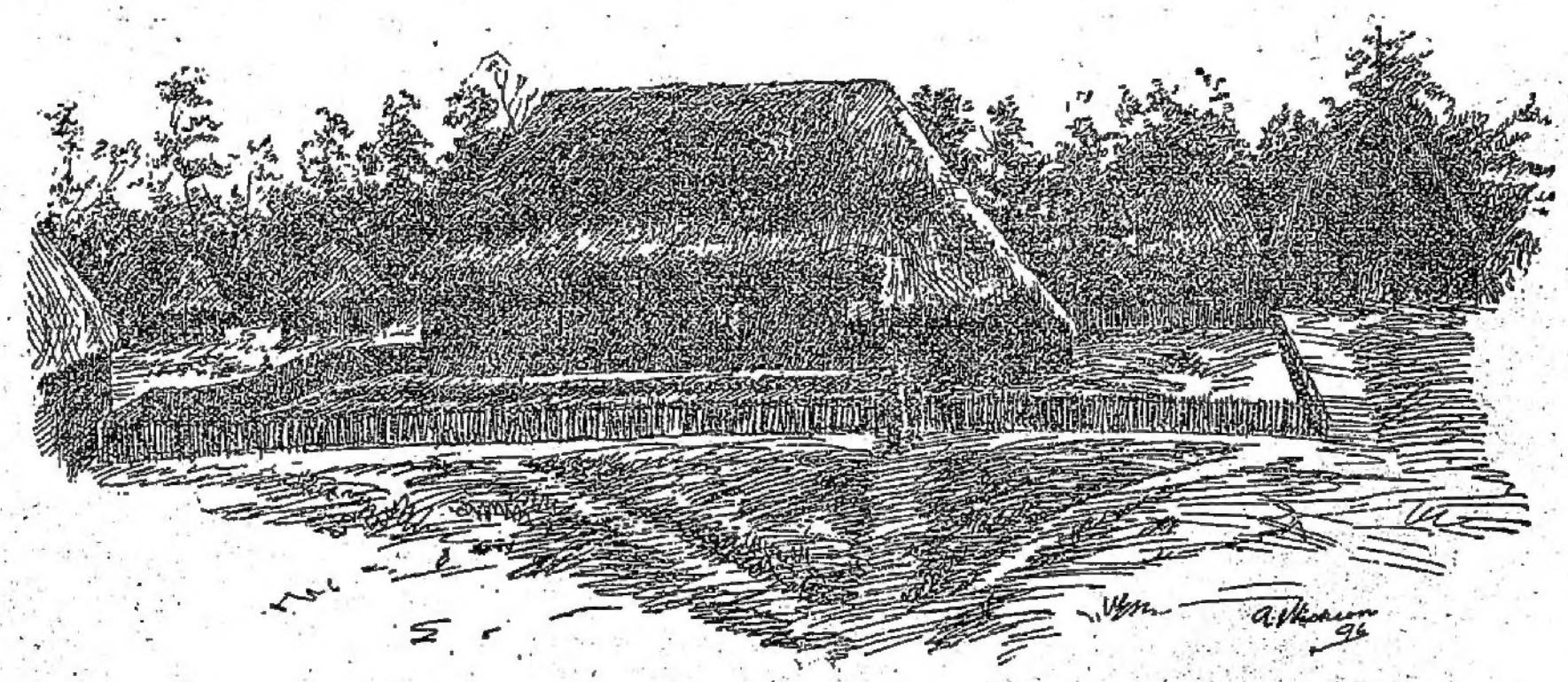
'Boys, I would not allow you to go to-night were it not so urgent, but to-morrow may be too late. However, I do not need you all; two will be enough.' He chose two of the older boys, Ngulu and Muenekanye by name.

'We'll be glad to go, Nana, if we can bring relief to the Ondona,' they said.

'I don't doubt it, boys, but as no time must be lost, let me give you something to eat, and see you safely started; already the sun is sinking fast.'

'Don't be anxious,' said Ngulu, looking back at Mr. Lee and the group of girls and boys watching them as they started on their journey. Both turned and looked at the villages, so homelike and pretty in the fading light. How little idea had they whether or not they would ever see them again, but the boys were no cowards, and love for their kind teacher conquered other feelings. They carried a lantern and rifle which Mr. Lee had provided.

By quickening their pace almost to a run they were well on their way by the time the sun had disappeared. It was a very calm night; not a sound was heard save their own footsteps and occasionally the crackle of a branch or rustle of dead leaves as some animal scampered away at their approach. In the distance tall trees loomed high against the still bright sky. The boys were nearing the opening to the forest through which



many miles of their course lay; before entering it they lit the lantern, without which it would be impossible to travel on the dangerous path.

As the night advanced the darkness became intense, and consequently their progress much slower, and the danger much greater. But cautiously and silently they pushed forward, trembling inwardly at every sound, knowing that perhaps a wild beast roaming near would spring upon them. The feeble glimmer from the lantern aided them very little in keeping on the rough, uneven track.

A rustle in the underbrush close at hand caused them to stop suddenly and peer with anxious eyes into the darkness. At that moment the head of a large wildcat appeared from behind a clump of brushwood, on which the lantern was shedding down its feeble rays. Ngulu raised his gun, and with firm and steady aim shot the animal through the head. Then both hurried on. Enough time had been lost, and every moment was precious.

They now came to a stream, over which a native bridge stretched. These bridges are built entirely of limbs of trees, propped up and fastened against one another.

All through that long night, without once resting, they pressed on, lifting up their hearts in supplication for safety, as the howl of some animal in the distance came to their ears, remembering all the while that those at home were praying for them, and as they thought of their loved teacher lying so ill they determined to brave any danger for her sake. Surely God's promise of protection is to those who love Him. 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.'

How thankfully did they watch the east become tinged with the glory of the rising sun. They now emerged from the woods, and the rest of the journey lay over an open plain.

Although their fatigue was great, joy filled their hearts at being brought safely so near their destination, which was only about half an hour away.

Quite near Kamondongo station flows a beautiful little stream of water, which sparkled in the light of the sun, now beaming brightly upon it.

Ngulu and Muenekanye passed through one village after another as they neared the mission station. The girls were already up and busy at their work in the field, it being their duty to attend to the cultivation of the land, whilst the boys attend to the housework, even doing the washing. This is their regular custom, just as it is in this country for the boys to do the field work and the girls the housework.

The two travellers hurriedly returned the native salutation of 'Kalunga, kalunga.'

'We must not stop until we have delivered our message,' said Muenekanye, and they proceeded at once to the mission-house, where they handed the letter which they carried to Mr. Fay, one of the missionaries.

'Oh, I'm so sorry, but the doctor is not here,' said Mr. Fay, when he read the letter. 'He left yesterday for Bailundu station. Who is ill at home?'

'The Ondona is ill, very ill; oh, we must have the doctor at once. Come Muenekanye,' said Ngulu, 'let us go after him; we cannot rest until we have found him.' So without another moment's hesitation the noble lads started on another long, weary tramp towards Bailundu.

How different were their feelings now from what they were as they approached the station, but with undaunted courage they hurried on. They had come with a purpose, and nothing but death would deter them from accomplishing it.

Beautiful flowers grew on every side; beautiful birds sang sweetly in the trees overhead, and soft, cool breezes made the leaves rustle gently, but their thoughts had taken too troubled a turn to notice them.

'The doctor travels slowly; we must soon overtake him,' said Muenekanye, and sure enough they did, but not until they had travelled thirty-six miles from Kamondongo.

Several encampments of travellers were passed during the day, and darkness had set in some hours, when they were nearing one of them. To their joy it proved to be the doctor's, and they delivered the letter.

'It will be impossible to travel on my mule in this darkness,' Dr. Clowe said, when he had finished reading the letter.

'Oh, do come; we will help you,' both boys cried.

'Well, if you will wait for two hours, by that time the moon will have risen, and I will try to accompany you.'

With this promise the boys were forced to be content. After a dish of corn-mush (for they had not tasted food since leaving home) they enjoyed two hours of profound slumber; then, greatly refreshed, all three set out on the long homeward journey.

They had only gone a short distance when a sound that they knew only too well broke the stillness of the night.

'A leopard!' whispered Ngulu, glancing anxiously around.

'Yes! there it is; see!' cried Muenekanye, as at that moment the friendly moon shone out from behind a cloud, and distinctly they could see the animal emerging from behind a clump of bushes a few yards away.

Ngulu raised the rifle, but Dr. Clowe protested.

'Don't shoot; let us shout; you know how these animals are often frightened by noise.'

A tremendous shout broke from the throats of all three, and with a leap the terrified leopard sprang across their path and was lost to sight among the bushes. With an exclamation of thankfulness they went on their way.

Any one knowing the disposition of a mule can better understand the trouble that the doctor and the boys had in trying to urge it on.

Through the remainder of that night and all through the next day, without resting, they plodded on, but with joy they knew that every step brought them nearer home.

At last weariness overcame them.

'I can walk no farther; I must rest,' said Ngulu.

In their eagerness to tell the friends at home of the doctor's approach the two boys had hurried ahead.

'We are so near home, can you not hold out?' panted Muenekanye, who felt in no better condition than his companion.

'I will try,' he uttered, in a faint voice, but it was no use.

'Leave me; you go on; I cannot possibly go farther,' and with a cry Ngulu fell, fainting, on the ground.

* * * * * *

It was five o'clock on the evening of the second day following the departure of the boys that Mr. Lee stood at his door with an anxious expression on his face.

'I wonder how it is faring with the boys?' he said to himself. 'I hope no harm has come to them,' and even as he spoke he caught sight of the figure of a lad in the distance.

'That is one of them, certainly, but where is the other?' As the boy approached Mr. Lee saw it to be Muenekanye, and hurried at once to meet him.

'We found the doctor; he is coming,' said the noble lad in a husky voice, then he tottered and fell, fainting, at his teacher's feet.

'Poor boy,' said Mr. Lee, with tears in his eyes, as he carried him into the house, then as restoratives were administered and he was able to speak, Mr. Lee asked him of his companion.

'He could not hold out; he fell in the sand a short way down the road.'

Loving hands at once went to bring him home, and all was done for the comfort of the 'two heroes,' as they were now called.

The doctor came, and through the blessing of God Mrs. Lee recovered.

Needless to say, great were the praises—nay, more than praises—great was the love bestowed on Ngulu and Muenekanye, especially by Mrs. Lee, who was deeply touched when she was well enough to hear the story.

'How can I ever repay you?' Mr. Lee once asked.

'Do you think that we would risk our lives for pay? Never! Nothing but the strongest love would ever induce us to do it,' was the answer.

These boys had accomplished a six days' journey in two days and two nights, or about one hundred and twenty-five miles, barefooted, with scarcely any food or rest.

Boys with such nobility of character are sure to get on well in whatever part of the world they are placed.

Ngulu is now the ordained pastor of the Cisamba church; Muenekanye one of the deacons. Both are earnest Christian workers, trying to bring others to Christ.

Leaning on God.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy will clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
But if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand upon the brink.

It may be He is keeping,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, happy, blissful ignorance!
'Tis better not to know;
It keeps me still in the gentle arm
That will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the breast that loves me
—'Word and Work.'

The New Year.

Behold the New Year beckons, like a flower
Hid in the roots among the untrodden hills;
God shows thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as His breath thy spirit fills!

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a star
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies;
God guide thee through His mystic spaces far,
Till all His stars as suns within thee rise!

The New Year beckons. He, too, beckoning nears;
Forget not thou that all thy gifts are His!
Take from His hand all blessings of the years,
And of the blossoming, starred eternities!

Lucy Larcom.

Boys and Girls.

In Rotterdam.

(Mary Gay Robinson, in 'The Standard.')

Holland is an interesting country to the traveller, for the Hollander maintains a quaint individuality; fashions may come and go, but he defies them and clings to his past, and modern improvements are the last things that he considers.

Rotterdam is a great centre of trade. Everybody has something to sell, and on

A TYPICAL DUTCH WOMAN.

certain days of each week the merchant comes out in search of his customer. The contents of shops for dry goods, hardware, crockery, books and pictures, are packed on small hand-carts and brought to some wide street where the crowd passes, are there arranged with benches and awnings, and the whole family presides at these temporary booths. The Dutch, as well as the Belgians, make beasts of burden of themselves and their dogs; not a dog goes to waste; he must earn his living and help earn that of his master, and men, women, children and dogs draw heavy loads. The harness is a stout rope around the body, which bends forward almost 'on all fours' as the man toils up the grade to the arched bridges over the canals, and about as hard on the other side for the down grade, to keep the wheels from rushing too fast. Some of the canals are fresh, running water, but others are dead pools, topped with green scum, whose only activity must be to exhale poison and breed pestilence.

There are handsome streets and fine bridges over the River Maas and its tributaries, and canals everywhere. The bridges are drawbridges; liable to swing open just as you reach them; you see the people running to get across and the boats waiting to pass through, or their rigging and sails flattened, where the bridge is high and they can pass under it. Life on the canal-boat is interesting. We see a new boat, spic and span with fresh paint, and a smart young man and the young wife, keeping house happily.

When a lover comes wooing, if the maiden puts on her Sunday best, all her gold and silver ornaments, he knows he is a welcome suitor; if not, he knows he had better go elsewhere. In Holland there is both a civil and a religious marriage, with expense and ceremonies according to the circumstances of the parties. A beautiful young lady confides to me her matrimonial prospects and says: 'I go to marriage in February, my fiancé is five years older than I am; we shall be married first-class, and it will cost 125 guilders (about $53), for the two ceremonies before the mayor at the city hall and the clergyman at the church.'

Holland has 9,000 wind mills; wherever we look we see their long arms beating the air. Some of them are built like circular stone towers, with small windows, and rooms used for various household purposes. The windmill is as necessary to this city of waterways as a chimney to a house, for by means of them they pump the water out of the dykes.

In many streets of Rotterdam the houses are built in solidly from street to street, with no court-yard, but an entrance on each street; in the mornings servants are out on the sidewalks, beating rugs and carpets to the annoyance of the well-dressed people who are passing. The largest church of the city is the church of St. Lawrence, built in 1542 and containing a few monuments to the Dutch Admiral De Witt and others. The pavement is covered with inscriptions, for the dead lie below. The stone tablets have curious devices. If a man had no coat of arms, the symbol that represented his trade answered the purpose. On the outside of the church cluster small houses and shops which quite mar the dignity of its appearance. The immense cathedral is a poor inheritance for Protestantism; the side alcoves and chapels, which the Roman Catholic fills with paintings and statues, are left bare and empty, or fenced off by board partitions. In the centre a plank floor covers the stone pavement; pews and chairs are here, and gates that look like a church within a church. Outside this enclosure are immense pillars that support the arched roof, and plenty of unoccupied space, which only serves in winter to condense the cold air, and make the place seem like a tomb. There is no provision for heating this vast space, except the little foot-stoves in which smokeless turf is burned. The men sit by themselves in the high pews, and most of them keep their hats on, while the women sit together in the centre of the house.

The preacher occupies a high pulpit under the sounding board; an assistant sits at a reading-desk below and reads scripture, hymns and notices. The sermon is divided

'THE MAIDEN PUTS ON HER SUNDAY BEST.

into two or three chapters, with singing between, in which every one seems to join, and the service lasts two hours.

The worshippers take up three collections at each service, passing long poles with bags at the end to each person, and all respond mechanically. Following the collectors come men with leather bags, into which they empty the small bags as they get heavy; the amount given is so small they take this way to increase the collection. It requires quite a retinue of men and women to serve the congregation with chairs and footstoves, for which they charge one or two cents. A stranger does not understand this, and he wonders when he sees some people go in and take the chairs and have the footstoves brought to them, while others stand outside and look wistfully on; they seem to be already divided into the goats and the sheep, and no one pays any attention to the goats, except to lock the gates against them, and leave them the poor privilege of lookers-on, and the chance to hear what they can. At a certain time at the evening service the seats are free, and then the outsiders seat themselves.

The foundations of Rotterdam seem to be slipping back into the sea; many buildings are off the perpendicular, and look as if an earthquake had started to swallow them; but the hard-working people are so honest you conclude these structures may be built like the leaning tower of Pisa to outlast the centuries, and are not as dangerous as they appear.

A DOG WAGGON.

Right Makes Might.

'Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.' This was one of the principles of Abraham Lincoln. Is it any wonder that such a man stimulated to right action all with whom he came in contact. A visit to Lincoln, people used to say, had such an effect on a man's public probity that it was ever after visible in the pose of his backbone.

[For the 'Messenger.

Rob's Tithe.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(By 'Saloma.')

'A penny earned, a penny saved,
A knowledge of true living,
An every day content that comes
Through gaining and through giving.'

This is a New Year's message for the boys and girls of Canada from School Savings Bank Card No. 1. Now is the time for new resolutions. Begin the New Year with a determination to save and give.

'It can't be done,' do you say.

Oh, yes, it can, and as a sample I will now give you the experience of a boy who was born in the Province of Quebec.

'Mamma, I do want a velocipede. Won't papa buy one ?'

The mother paused in her hurried work of undressing baby, and glanced sympathetically at the earnest, questioning boy of six years.

'I don't think papa can buy you one now, Rob. You had better pray about it.'

'How, mamma ?'

'Ask God for one.'

Forthwith Rob began to pray in his usual matter-of-fact way, and in the petition for that wonderful velocipede, Bevis, a younger brother, joined him. Two were agreed, but 'faith without works is dead,' and the weeks lengthened into months, the months into a year; still no velocipede. Spring came, with marbles and velocipedes en masse. Oh, it was so tantalizing to see the boys go flying by on their three-wheeled chargers. One evening, after the little men were tucked into bed, and baby was being hushed to dreamland, Bevis asked:

'Mamma, will we have velocipedes in heaven.'

'We will have everything we require to make us happy. I would not like to say that you would not have a velocipede, for I do not know,' was the reply.

'Oh, well, then, we can just fly down the golden streets,' and, pleased with delighted anticipation, the brothers were wafted away to a beautiful wonderland, where they performed unheard-of feats of skill.

Their mother had been reading a story, and somehow the lessons learned from it were taking definite form. This tale—perhaps you have read it—is entitled 'The Pocket Measure,' and was written by 'Pansy.' Together with this recital of the tenth-giving of a young couple she had read an incident of a famous millionnaire who adopted, when a boy, the biblical method of paying our debt to the Lord.

'I would like to do it,' she thought, 'but how can it be managed. However, if impossible with the senior members of the household, why not try the system of beginning great reforms with the little ones. The mother has in a general way the entire control during the tender seedtime.

'Rob,' she said, the next time she paid him his immense allowance of two cents a week for carrying in the wood, 'you had better save your money and try to work as well as pray for that velocipede.' Rob's faith was growing weak, and sometimes even hopeful Bevis said, 'I don't believe God is ever going to send it.'

'If I were you, Rob,' continued his mother, 'I would save those two cents until I got ten; then put nine away for the velocipede and put one in this little silver-lined box that came with aunt's wedding-cake in it. You can call it "God's box," and the money will be your tenth-money to give for His work. The boys listened very soberly as she told them about the Bible plan of paying what we owe. They were both well up in Bible history, as their father almost always spent his entire Sunday evenings in telling them its stories, so Abraham and Jacob were familiar characters. The truths and promises in connection with tithe-giving were willingly accepted and put into practice. Previous to this Rob had always spent his coppers at the nearest candy store, and he, like all small boys, dearly loved to humor his small stomach in this particular. You see his mother was not sufficiently versed in what W. C. T. U. women call 'Heredity and hygiene,' or she would have taught him more wisely about 'the house his little soul lived in.'

However, he began to save and get ready to give. It took five weeks of self-denial before his first cent went into the tenth-box, and nine were gathered for that dearly desired velocipede.

Weeks slipped on; then there was a companion cent of 'God's money,' and eighteen cents toward the one thousand required for the prize. Then another one, and nine added to be hoarded. Fifteen weeks of trial, self-denial and steadfastness of purpose in a boy of seven. God honored him, and in a very every-day way. One morning Mrs. Romaine, a new neighbor, sold her cow, and with Beauty went the delicious milk which her mistress prized so much.

'I must have some of your cow's milk,' she said to Rob's mother. 'I never could abide milkman's milk. Sell it to me, won't you. Rob can carry it over. He is such a little old man; Mr. Romaine and I always say how trusty Rob is; such a conscientious child! How is it, anyway ?'

'Born so, I suppose,' replied his mother.

'And be sure you pay him a cent for every day. I'll pay you at the end of each week.'

Mrs. Romaine was famous as a business woman. She always had the last cent, and gave it, too; a delightful sort of a neighbor, so Rob's mother declared, for she realized intensely 'the rights of property.'

So Rob went into the milk business. His velocipede money took a bound forward, and with it the tenth money. Prospects began to brighten, interest grew deeper, and steadily grew the pile. One day during the summer holidays one of the partners of a firm with which Rob's family was connected came in abruptly to his mother, with this request:

'The message boy has skipped out. Let me have Rob a while; he knows every house in town, and can easily deliver the telegrams. I'll see after him when he is not out on his trips. You can have him home early in the evening, so it won't interfere with his bed hour; it's twenty-five cents a day.'

A wonderful rise, wasn't it, boys, and the fun of the thing is, this isn't a 'pretend story'; it's a 'really one,' and every mite true.

Of course, Rob was eager to go. It was his first little flight from the home nest, but then his mother always trusted her boy. Away he went, and earned plenty to buy his velocipede and a pair of snowshoes as well. He hadn't asked God for the snowshoes, but that is one of the surprises our heavenly Father keeps for us. He gives us more than we deserve.

'Where did the tenth money go to ?' did you ask.

It went away to help to support a school which was started by a lovely lady from Switzerland. She could not begin with a big school for poor boys and girls, so she started one in the attic of a little French cottage. Now, there is a great big boarding-school and ten churches as the result of her endeavor. Just here I want to give you a little text to remember: 'Despise not the day of small things.'

'Did Rob go on tithing ?'

Oh, yes, and it worked its way all through; first the house, and then his Father's business.

Before I finish this true story I must give you one more incident in his life.

One time when he was an infant a relative put some money in the bank for him. After he had become a tithe-giver, when he was about twelve years or so old, he came to his mother one day and asked seriously:

'Mother, was that money of mine in the bank tithed ?'

'No,' she replied. It had often occurred to her that it was not, but she thought, perhaps selfishly, that it was too much to ask of her boy.

'Well, I would like to tithe it. Will you give me work to do and pay me, so that I can do it ?'

'Yes. If you'll sew carpet-rags I'll give you five cents a pound, and pay you for the chores you do as well.'

He assented, and went seriously to work to earn the desired amount. He washed dishes, helped to get breakfast, made fires, swept and made beds; anything or everything he was asked to do until the amount was earned. Then it was sent away to help the same school to which his first tithe had been sent. Odd things happen in this life. To-day he is in that very school himself, and at present is paying his own expenses with money he has earned. It is called an 'institute' now, and has clever men and women as teachers, while the beautiful lady from Switzerland is gone from this life, to that where, in all probability, she is a 'ministering spirit' sent out to do greater things for her Master.

Now, boys, and girls, too, I have told you this little story in order to try and create an interest in the department of saving and giving in connection with our Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In another letter I will tell you how Bevis interested his mother in school savings banks, how they are instituted, and a little history of their progress across the sea and line.

Save Your Pennies.

(By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer.)

Save your pennies, boys, you'll need them
In your business by-and-by.
Leave extravagance beneath you
As you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows. Whene'er you have it,
Plant it nicely in a bank.
When you find how it increases,
Friendly counsel you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest
You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
Till your souls are touched with wings.

Stoop to naught that makes you poorer.
Shun the wily cigarette;
And tobacco's train that follows
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
Through the mists of smoke and drink;
But the clear road is the best road.
Always plan to stop and think;

Then go on with glad endeavor,
Counting gains of strength each day;
Knowing only in God's sunshine
You can make life's travel pay.

—W. C. T. U. Leaflet.

That Terrible Tom.

A STORY FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

(By William J. Lacey.)

The December dusk was thickening in the streets of Hipplebury, and the firelight was pleasant and cheerful in the cosy parlor of Kent Cottage. Saturday afternoon had come round, and Basil Trevor was home early from his office. He had his books spread out on his own table, and was giving the final touches to a Sunday-school lesson. There was only one other person in the room. It was his sister, and she had closed the book she was reading because of the increasing darkness.

'Hadn't you better stop, Basil ?' she said, 'you will do your eyes no good in these half-lights.'

'I am only memorizing,' he answered, 'and indeed I am through with it now. It is the last lesson I shall have to prepare for the present.'

'You intend to resign ?'

'Yes ; it is a decision I am very unwilling to come to, but I seem to have no choice. I make no headway with the class at all. Perhaps there may be an easier appointment vacant soon, and I could go into the school again then. Whatever others may say, you know, Madge, that I am not taking the step because I am tired of working for the Master.'

A light was on the young man's face and an inflection in his voice that testified to the truth of his words.

'No, I shall not think that of you,' said his sister, 'only—

She stopped.

'Only what ?'

'Forgive me, dear, I was wondering if it were not possible to deny the commands of duty by mistake in haste, when one is depressed and when everything looks blank.'

'That means that in your view I am wrong.'

'I do not go so far as that, Basil. But I wish you could see your way to hope on and to hold out. It is just one lad who gives you the chief trouble, as I understand ?'

'That terrible Tom Houster ! He ruins the discipline of the class, and is a ringleader in all sorts of mischief. I cannot control him, and the officers are so reluctant to expel anyone ; besides, I won't ask them to use severe measures. A new teacher may have more resources, and win Tom to better behavior. I shall be glad if my successor does succeed where I have failed.'

There was silence for some minutes, and it seemed to Basil that the absence of remark meant continued disapproval. He set a great store by Madge's opinion, though she was his junior, and he did not like this.

'Mother thinks I am acting for the best,' he added.

But this reference to Mrs. Trevor carried less weight than might have been the case in different circumstances. The widowed mistress of the house was a chronic invalid, and looked at all questions through darkened glasses.

Very softly, and as if to herself, Madge spoke at last :

'Jesus does not give Tom up.'

The young man turned abruptly and stood at the window with knit brows and hands in his pockets. He was not cross, but he was plunged into a fresh train of thought. The time had been, before his father's illness and death, when he was a thoughtless, wilful youth, in imminent danger from bad companions. Conscience spoke to him many times, and he had refused to hear. Strange providences crossed his path, with their finger-mark directing into the ways of wisdom, and he had kept on in his reckless courses. But his Saviour had not forsaken him in his folly and waywardness. In the far country he had been found and reclaimed, and he had a lively sense of God's goodness vouchsafed to himself when most unworthy. The query would come now, What if he had been abandoned ? What right had he to say that Tom Houster was incorrigible ?

But his resolution had been a thing of slow growth, and was firmly rooted. He was soon using casuistical arguments in its defence. He did not say that that terrible Tom was past mending. All that his meditated action meant was, that Tom needed a more capable teacher. The change might easily be for Tom's good.

When he looked round Madge was gone, though he had not heard her steal away, and soon the servant came in to light up, and shut out the cold gloaming.

Basil Trevor had grown restless. Tea would not be ready yet for an hour or two. He would have a stroll. He took his hat and stick, and buttoned his coat tightly up to his throat, and went out into the town. He had neither destination nor turning-point before him. It seemed all chance which road he selected. There was a sense of relief from the pressure on mind and heart in quick movement. Once he spoke, alone, as sometimes those in perplexity get a trick of doing.

'It is all very well for Madge to counsel patience, always patience,' he growled under his breath, 'she doesn't have to put up with the impertinence. She isn't a teacher, her hands are full at home ; and how can I draw back and stay, when I told Tom last week, that in consequence of his conduct I should only come one more Sunday. He would be worse than ever if I altered my mind.'

At this moment a diversion was created in Basil's thoughts, and yet the new direction which they took had a subtle, singular link with the old. He was nearly in the centre of Hipplebury High-street, and was still swinging along at a great pace. Neither shops nor people won his attention, until, at a corner, that which had been narrowly escaped before, happened—the impetuous young fellow came into collision with a lady.

'I beg your pardon,' he said instantly, with the solicitude of good breeding. And then he started and that terrible Tom was temporarily forgotten.

The girl who was smiling at him as her small gloved hand set straight her bonnet, was an old acquaintance. They had met when he was at his first situation with Shannon Bros., at Southampton. Myra Elborough was assistant in a post-office he had often had to visit. They had been fellow teachers in the same Sunday-school. He had sighed to think how little likely it was that he would ever see her or hear of her again now that he had exchanged the South coast for the Midlands. He had understood that her home was in London. The unexpected had come about, and sunshine seemed to break through his clouds, and he was face to face with Myra.

'Miss Elborough ! this is a pleasure—not the crash, of course.'

'Please don't mind about apologizing, Mr. Trevor.'

'You are visiting in Hipplebury ?'

'I am staying here until the New Year. I have left Southampton.'

'Yes ?'

'Myra, are you ready ?'

The speaker was a stout, elderly lady, unknown to Basil, upon whom she bestowed a puzzled stare.

'I knew this gentleman when I was at Purcell's. Mamma—Mr. Trevor,' Myra said.

There was a stiff little bow, a deeper one from Basil, a merry smile from the girl, and the meeting was a thing of the past.

But not in its impression. Basil Trevor was tossed on a sea of conjectures. What had brought Miss Elborough here ? Where was she staying ? How could he make use of the introduction which he had received ? And then the remembrance of the problem present with him when he started from Kent Cottage came back. He recalled the curious fact that when he first took charge of the class of lads who were almost young men, something in Tom Houster's face had reminded him of Myra Elborough.

He had come out to settle the question once for all, and then sternly to dismiss it. And his sister's words were with him. He repeated them mechanically :

'Jesus does not give Tom up.'

Was he sure that he was wholly loyal to his Lord if, having put his hand to the plough, he drew back through personal pique or disappointment ? Was there not a better way ? A prayer went up to the God who giveth wisdom. 'Let not self decide. Guide Thou me,' was the cry of his inmost soul.

He could have fancied that the answer came in a small, still whisper:—'In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

Basil Trevor sat down with his sister at the tea-table, and as they waited for Mrs. Trevor to appear, he said almost shamefacedly, 'I am going to try what a little more patience will do, Madge; I shan't resign my class for some weeks, at all events.'

The girl's face brightened. 'Do you know, I feel sure you will succeeed yet with your terrible Tom,' she said. 'I shall earnestly pray that you may.'

The widow entered, and the topic was dropped.

On the morrow Basil went to school with a more serene spirit than at one time he would have thought possible. He had formed his plan, and it was not without an element of daring. He would try what a frank, straightforward talk would do with the scapegrace, and in the last and worst resort he would get the minister and superintendent to speak a few pointed words.

But the lesson was an ordeal. Tom was in his place and bent on frolic and defiance. He knew how to maintain such a measure of outward decorum as would save him from exposure, and yet be a sharp thorn in his teacher's side. He was a lad about fifteen years of age, of good education, and with obviously no excuse on the ground of coming from a poor and wretched home. His people were comparatively newcomers in Hipplebury, and Basil knew little of them. Basil had been to the house, but he had only seen the father, and his welcome was chilly.

When teaching was over the boys watched their teacher as if expecting an announcement and perhaps a farewell. But Basil merely laid a restraining finger on Tom Houster's arm as the youth was leaving the class-room.

'Do you mind meeting me here for a few minutes after dismissal,' he said, genially, 'I will not detain you long. You will do me a great favor if you will. May I expect you?'

Tom was taken aback. He had earned severity, and here was gentleness as well as mystery. The boy promised before he quite knew what he was doing. And he kept his word, which was better than Basil's fears.

Earnest wrestling with God had gone before this step. Basil stated candidly that he had had it much upon his mind to resign the class, and why. He knew that in acknowledging so much he was not broaching

a secret. Tom was quite aware that he had driven his teacher to the verge of desperation. But Basil went on to intimate that he had altered this intention,—and he explained what had changed him. He told of his sister's plea, 'Jesus does not give Tom up;' and warming as he went on, he laid bare the story of his own past, and spoke of Christ's love waiting for him, and of his confidence that the same tender pity of the Redeemer was seeking Tom. The boy grew uneasy and restless, but he heard him through, and said no word, good or bad.

'I shall not leave, I shall stay,' Basil said finally, 'and I ask you to remember, that it is love to my Saviour and love to you that keeps me where I am. Now, will you look me up in the Christmas holidays next week? Come and see my books, I've got a nice little library. What do you say?'

'Yes, I will, Mr. Trevor.' There seemed a lump in Tom's throat.

Had Basil conquered, or were the brighter omens false? He asked himself the question very anxiously after the interview, but only the event could determine it.

And then he began to think of Myra Elborough. Would she be at the services today? At Southampton she had attended a church of the same religious body as himself. But it probably depended on her friends.

He did not see her. But then his sister and he were both in the choir, and from his seat it was not easy to take stock of the worshippers.

Days passed, and Myra might have returned to Southampton for all the sign she made. Even on Christmas Day his gladness seemed curiously wanting through this fact. He could not understand himself.

Three o'clock on Boxing Day was the time fixed for Tom Houster to pay his return call upon his teacher. Basil was ready, and the room he called his 'den' was looking amazingly cheerful. But would Tom come?

When he was almost despaired of, a tap came at the door. Basil answered it, and his troublesome scholar stood there. He was very pale, and Basil soon saw that there was a difference in him that went deeper yet.

Madge kept carefully out of the way by particular request, and this was well, for soon Tom put the question:—

'There isn't anybody as can hear, is there, sir?'

'No, not at all; but I'll lock the door.'

'Mr. Trevor'—there was an awkward pause, and Basil waited, wondered, and rejoiced—'Mr. Trevor, I've been thinking about what you said on Sunday. I couldn't get away from it. And I want to tell you something.'

'Yes, Tom.'

'You know I'm entered as junior at North & Neales's, in Bridgeway?'

'No, I hadn't heard so. I congratulate you; it's a good house.'

'I've been there six weeks, sir; but I'd got into bad ways—gambling and that, like you spoke about. There are two other fellows I've been with a lot, and I was to have stolen some money, sir, to settle up a debt. I had a chance, and I don't think I should have been found out. That was to have been on Monday; but I couldn't do it, sir, after what you said. I got it in my hand and put it down again. There was that about Jesus not giving me up—and I didn't take it. I've broken with these fellows, sir; and, oh, do you think I can do better?'

'Thank the God of infinite mercies—yes! yes, Tom!' said Basil Trevor, fervently.

'I owe the money—eight pounds—and I daren't ask father.'

Basil meditated.

'Suppose I see your father, and promise myself to be responsible for the money until you can make it good?'

It was a test of sincerity.

'Must he know, sir?'

'In my opinion he ought to.'

'Then do as you think well, sir. You are kind, and I've been such a nuisance to you.'

The conference was a long one, and before it ended it was clear to Basil that what occurred had been most timely, and had snatched a young life from the very edge of an awful precipice. He was humbly grateful to his Father in heaven that he had listened to Madge and to the voice within, and had thus been able to serve as an instrument of rescue. There was every sign that Tom's repentance was sincere—not least satisfactory was his consent that the whole story should be told to Mr. Houster.

In undertaking this task Basil little dreamed that he was putting himself in the way of his life's happiness. It was so. Tom's father was met casually in Hipplebury Park avenue, and there Basil broke the unwelcome, yet welcome, truth to him, and pleaded for leniency towards the lad. It was a shock to the listener, but he had a parent's heart, and he thanked Basil warmly for his past patience and his present action, and engaged to treat Tom still as a son whom he could trust. He would not agree that the young man should find the eight pounds.

'No, no. I'll make that all right, and you need not fear that I'll upbraid the boy over it either, so long as he goes straight,' he said.

'And I believe he will.'

'Now come inside with me. I was a churl the last time you called, I know, and I beg your pardon. Come, it's not many steps further.'

Basil consented, and the first face he saw as he crossed the threshold was Myra's.

'Why—!'

'Bewildered once more,' said the maiden, with a merry laugh.

'Do you know my daughter—my wife's daughter?'

'May I not say that we are old friends, Miss Elborough?'

'Yes.'

And the winter of Basil's discontent had passed in two senses. The day came when he put another question to Myra, and to that also she shyly said 'Yes.'

That terrible Tom was altogether a changed boy, and as a consequence Basil's class was a joy to teach and not a vexation. As the months ran on, the zealous work, brought by Madge and Myra, as well as by Basil, to the mercy-seat for a blessing, was owned of God to the conversion of souls. The first who came out and declared his personal allegiance to Christ, was Tom Houster.

'In due season we shall reap, if we faint not,' had once again been proved a faithful promise.—'S.S. Chronicle.'

Another St. Geoege and His Dragon.

(By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.)

'If you could prove to me that Christianity is all a delusion I would go home whistling.'

George Young, a rich young man, who startled me with this remark, I had met for the first time a few minutes before, in Bonanza, the great silver city, at a teachers' meeting, where the lesson studied had been the rich young ruler. George had been all that study hour the heart and soul of that group of teachers, the most thoughtful, apparently the most spiritual also, of them all. He was the teacher of a class of fifty young men, whom he held, not by greater age, but by mental mastery. However, his superior physique, six feet and straight and round, added to the admiration and loyalty of his class, which had become his clan. He had become, in previous years, a physical director in the Y. M. C. A., and by an all-round education of his muscles, avoiding the one-sided development of an athletic specialist, had made the most of his physical possibilities. The members of his class were the more ready to accept his opinions when he had outplayed them all in the gymnasium and the ball field. He was also president of the Y. M. C. A., and a church trustee. In business he was a bank teller, with promising investments in several new silver mines. In that frontier city, where nearly all young men drank, gambled and gave free rein to passion, he had kept himself pure. In the crowd of faces about him, tanned by tobacco juice, alcohol and lust, his face seemed as white as a Greek among Turks, although it was not pale but hale. His voice was full of vim, and his step showed his whole being astir! He was what was called 'a hustler' by native frontiersmen, 'a rustler' by the more refined people.

When the preacher who led the lesson study that evening stated, as a matter of course, that it was love of money that made the rich young ruler go away from Christ sorrowful and disobedient, this rich young man had dissented with as much intensity of feeling as if he, himself, had been the subject of discussion, as indeed he was in his own mind.

'Young men,' he said, 'seldom love money for its own sake. They do not at first seek and save it even for the sake of the honor that it brings. The young man's ambition is to achieve success in whatsoever he undertakes, whether ball or banking. The rich young ruler held on to his money as the foot-ballist holds on to the ball, not for its sake but for the sake of victory.'

Being introduced to this young man at the close of the teachers' meeting, we found that our homeward walk would be in the same direction, and so left the house together. As we started out, he startled me by asking, with manifest earnestness, about some Bible difficulties. I replied that to my mind Christianity, in its great essentials, is a science, not a dream. He suddenly interrupted me to say, 'I have no doubts. I wish I had. If you could prove to me that Christianity is all a delusion I would go home whistling.'

I was stunned into silence by such words from such a source, and he continued: 'If that lesson we have just studied is really the teaching of Christ, and if Christ is our Lord and Master, what business have I rustling for the million I hope to make? Imagine Christ lolling at ease in a millionnaire's coach and castle while men and women and children die all about Him for want of relief or reform. A Christian has no right to devote his chief energies to making his fortune, and that is the very thing I want to do.'

I could only say that a good Dives can do much good.

He replied almost fiercely, apparently speaking not so much to me as to himself: 'The devil has told me that a hundred times, but it's a lie—in the sense he means it. I may have the feast if I will not forget to do good to somebody with the crumbs. I don't love money but I love success. I want to excel in business as I used to in ball. I want a fine house as I used to want the lesser prizes that crowned my victories in sports.'

He paused, hesitated, and went on: 'And the girl I love I want to enthrone as my queen in a palace. She is not poor exactly,

but she has never tasted luxury, and nothing is too good for her. But to disobey Christ for the love of a girl is no better than to do it for the love of gold,' he added bitterly. 'He that loveth father or mother (or any other) more than me is not worthy of me.'

He paused, expecting my rebuke or consolation. I gave neither, but looked on with awe at this battle between the new St. George and his dragon.

* * * * * *

'My dear Ruth, I have something important to tell you.'

'What is it ?' she said with trembling, for his pallid face made her fear the worst, and the worst was a break in their affection.

'It is not that,' he said, reading her thought, and the blood which had left her face so suddenly at his first sentence rushed back in a rosy tide at this assuring word. 'It is not that, but I had hoped to enthrone you as my queen in a palace worthy of you, especially if the Sherman silver purchase law should pass and make my silver shares a bonanza. This morning's papers brought the report that it passed yesterday, and my stock went up to half a million in value. I had been battling all night in my mind about what I am going to tell you, and the right had won when this news re-enforced the other side, and it has taken me all day to regain the victory.'

'Do you mean,' she said, 'that you have been tempted to gamble with your stock ?'

'I mean,' he said, with swiftness, as if he feared something would cut him off in his story, 'that I have given my silver shares to God for the poor, and appointed myself manager and administrator wthout salary. My salary as a teller is as much as a Christian ought to spend on himself and his—family.'

Ruth glanced toward the door. Had her lover gone crazy ? She turned an inquiring, searching look upon him. His face seemed unnatural because preternaturally calm, that calmness that is intensified by appearing on the background of a retreating storm. She could not understand that face, and so her thoughts returned upon herself. An average Christian, she had liked preaching next best to a party ; had said her prayers regularly, but had never given more than a passing thought to the great sorrows and wrongs that raged like billows outside the secure ark of her own home. In dreams of night and day she had anticipated luxury with her lover, with a casual thought, now and then, as she met a beggar, that charity is one of the duties, perhaps privileges, of wealth. Stunned at first by her lover's announcement, she now realized that the palaces of her dreams, which she expected him to turn to brick and stone, had instead been broken like a bubble by the breath of his words. Her heart overflowing with disappointment and resentment, she pulled her engagement ring from her finger and handed it to him, saying, with mingled pity and scorn, 'Crank or crazy, whichever you are, here is my contribution to your new scheme for mending the universe.'

* * * * * *

Our St. George had given his silver stock to God in word only after two victories, each at the end of twelve hours' struggle with selfish ambition. But in dealings with God a man's word is not always as good as his bond. Partly from fear of the scornful laughter of business associates, who could not appreciate his motive, and partly from a secret hope, hardly whispered to himself, that he might recover his lost love, he used a part of his silver profits to build a fine mansion, surrounded by a stately private park, ostensibly for his mother and himself. He tried to compromise with conscience by ordering generous supplies of food to be given to all beggars who applied at his door. In leisure hours, partly to escape thinking, he investigated in tenements and public institutions the causes of sins and sorrows, and found them to be appetite and lust and covetousness.

Thus it was when he came to attend a temperance meeting of the W. C. T. U. He had never been identified with temperance work, thinking its advocates rather fanatical, and so took a seat in a half-hidden nook near the door. A woman was speaking whose face he could not see, but her voice set his heart a-quiver.

'Pshaw !' he said, 'it can't be Ruth. She never cared for such meetings.'

He listened eagerly, not daring to look out lest she might see him, if indeed it was she. It was. She told the meeting how she came to give up what she called her aimless life and enter into temperance work. She had been sent by her mother to carry relief to her aunt, who had made a pitiful appeal for help. She found that once beautiful, that cultured aunt in what was hardly better than a hovel, to which her once wealthy husband had dragged her down through drink. And so she had become a member of a W. C. T. U., and was now their president.

When the meeting was over she lingered to write a note, some message of mercy, and so all others had left the hall when she reached the door.

They met. 'I am so ashamed of my selfishness,' she said.

'And I,' said he, 'of the cowardice that took the place of my consecration.'

The palatial residence is now not only their home but also by irreversible deed, the home of the friendless, the aged, the orphaned—a great headquarters of charity and reform ; and the park is the park of all.—'Union Signal.'

Meditation.

O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !

Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love ;
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove ?

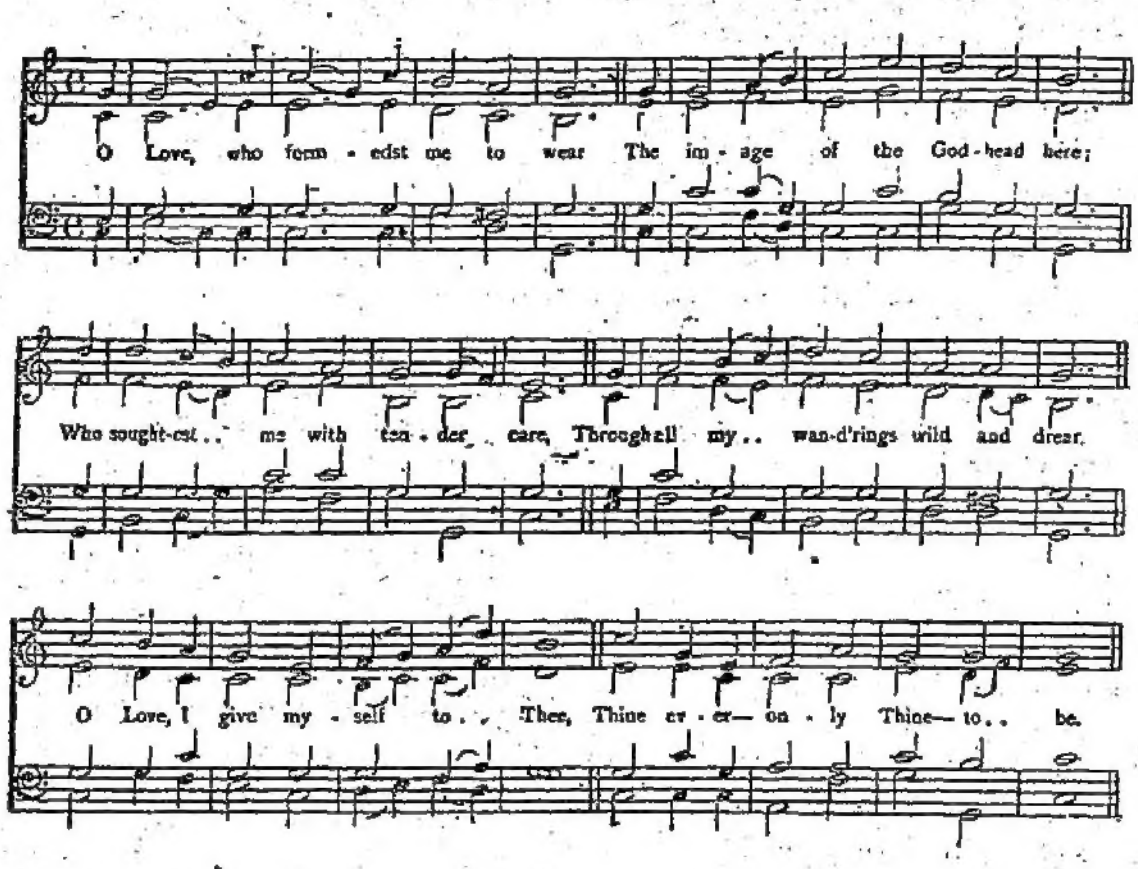
Oh, why should I wander, an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with His flocks He is gone ?

He looks ! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks ! and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Dear Shepherd ! I hear, and will follow Thy call ;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice ;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

O Love, Who Formedst Me.

O Love, who form - edst me to wear The im - age of the God - head here;
Who sought-est . . me with ten - der care, Through all my . . wan-d'rings wild and drear.
O Love, I give my - self to . . Thee, Thine ev - er— on - ly Thine— to . . be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

—From 'Christian Worker Music,' by permission.

Little Folks.

A Baby and a Book.

There was once a boy. Not a big boy, you know, but a little boy. And we were all proud of him, because he was a boy, and he was my cousin. He used to creep, because he couldn't walk, and I used to sit on the floor and say, 'Come, Willie,' and he would hurry and come just a little way, and then stop and look up. One day I kept on saying 'Come, Willie,' and he crept nearly all the way across the door!

One day I had a birthday, and was seven years old. And grandma gave me a very pretty book, and it said in it, 'For dear Mildred, with Grandma's love,' and it had pictures in it and poetry. And I learned a piece of poetry in it every Saturday, and said it to grandma on Sunday for a surprise. There was one poem that I knew before, 'The morning bright,' and I learned 'All things bright and beautiful,' and 'At happy Eastertime,' and some others that I liked ever so much. Sometimes I learned them by singing them to different tunes.

Well, one day I was learning 'God make my life a little light,' and I was sitting on the floor pretty near the window, and someone brought Willie in and put him on the floor a good way off from me, and I just put down the book and said 'Come, Willie,' and he began to creep and come pretty fast across the floor, and then auntie called, 'Mildred, Mildred,' and I went into the hall and she said not to let Willie go near the window, and I came right back and Willie was tearing up my book. I said, 'You dreadful boy,' and then I cried and took it from him, and that tore it more. My uncle Dean, that lives in Toronto to go to college, mended some of the pages for me, and he said, 'Mildred, is it better for a book to look very nice, or to have very nice things in it?' and I said, 'Both.'

'But,' he said, 'which would you rather have, this book that has poems in, or a quite new and pretty one with only the alphabet in it?'

'Oh, this one,' I said, 'I would not like an alphabet book at all.'

'COME WILLIE.'

'And is it more important to read nice things or to do them?' said Uncle Dean, and I said, 'I don't know.'

Uncle Dean read a piece of the book just while he was pasting a leaf, and I learned the same poem after:

> Then we may stay the angry blow,
> Then we may check the hasty word,
> Give gentle answers back again,
> And fight a battle for our Lord.

I thought that meant not to slap Willie, so I didn't, though I wanted to hit him very hard on his head with another book, so he would know not to tear good things. Auntie slaps his hands, but I thought hitting him on the head would make him cry more. I am glad now I didn't do it.

When I saw Willie again I put my poor, dear, pasted book far away, up on the bookshelf before I said anything to him. Then I sat on the floor and just said, 'Come Willie.' That was to 'give gentle answers back again.' For I think now, (though my book is the prettiest there is) the things it says in books are nealy more important than the books themselves.

—Anstance Rede.

Goody Brown.

Snow had fallen fast for several days, and all the country around Wyndham lay under a thick pall. Beautiful it was undoubtedly, and yet there was a look of sadness in the white prospect.

At least, so thought Myra Hughes, as the old Hall carriage lumbered heavily through the frozen roads to the Hall.

She had just left school. The warmth and brightness, the companionship and merry laughter, were things of the past, and in their place was a big, lonely home, a grave almost unknown father, a a strange maid for a companion, and a faint, faint memory of a dead mother.

It was no wonder that Myra thought the snowy trees and lanes looked sad.

She leaned towards the carriage window to hide the gathering tears, and her eyes fell on an old woman who supported a bundle of sticks on her shoulder.

'Who is that, Susan?' she asked the maid beside her.

Susan peered out.

'It's old Goody Brown, Miss Hughes,' she answered; 'they say she's been in the village longer than any one.

'Then perhaps she knew my mother,' thought Myra, and her eyes brightened at the very idea. It was one of Myra's greatest desires to know something about her dead mother, but there was no one to tell her. Her father never spoke of the young wife whom he had loved devotedly. All Myra knew of her was that her father, coming as a young man into this, his uncle's property, had met and loved sweet Connie Leen, the aged rector's grandchild, and that she had lived in the big Hall for only four short years.

Myra determined to seek out Goody Brown. A week—a happier week than Myra had anticipated—passed away before she was able to wander out alone and find Goody Brown.

On this afternoon Susan had a cold, and after getting explicit di-

rections from her, Myra sallied out into the snow.

Goody Brown's cottage was not difficult to find, and flushed with walking, Myra knocked at the door.

Goody Brown was in, and very flattered to receive a call from the young lady who had been the village talk since Sunday.

Myra had meant to begin in a roundabout way, and lead the conversation to her dead mother, but one word from the old woman was enough.

'Eh, Miss!' she exclaimed, 'I could think it was Miss Connie coming here again.'

'Oh, Goody, did you know my mother?'

'Know her!' echoed the old woman lovingly; 'I should think I did—loved her too, Missie. It was her sweet voice that led me to come to the Saviour. Does Miss Connie's child know the Lord Jesus Christ?'

No, Myra did not. Goody Brown saw that, but she said no more of that. Only she talked of Miss Connie and the days of long ago, and when Myra at last rose to go home, the girl said wistfully,—

'I may come again, Goody, may I not?'

Myra's walks often led her to the cottage after, and Goody Brown, in talking of Miss Connie, never forgot to speak, too, of Miss Connie's Saviour, and the gladdest day of the old woman's life was the day that Myra told her with shining eyes that now she knew Jesus Christ, her mother's Lord.—'Our Darlings.'

At the Gate of the Church.

'I wonder what they're doin' in there!' said Janie, leaning against a post and listening.

A sound of sweet voices came out of the big doors, down the walk, through the trees; but Janie could not quite make out the words, though the doors stayed open quite a long time, because a good many late people were going through them.

'Need—somethin'!' said Janie in a puzzled voice, catching just a syllable or two. 'They keep a-sayin' of it over! Lots of 'em needs it, whatever 'tis they're talkin' 'bout. Now it's a man says it—'way down deep! Wonder what he's needin'? There's a girl begun again. I can hear her better. "I need thee every hour." That's plain enough, that time. Wish't I knew who 'twas an' what they wanted of him!'

Janie wasn't bashful, and by and by she began to want to know so much that she just quietly opened the gate, and walked up the path and opened the door and went in. Such a strange little figure to be in such a place! Her dress was so ragged, and her shoes were somebody's big old ones, and she had a queer little hood on her head in-

stead of the pretty caps and hats the other children wore. But they thought more of that than she did. She had come there with a purpose.

'I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No other voice like thine
Can peace afford.'

How it rang out, clear and plain! Now she heard it! 'Twas the Lord they all were needing!

'Well, I declare!' said Janie. An' every hour, at that! I thought the Lord was for Sundays and Easters and when you went to funerals.

'I need thee; oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee!'

sang the sweet, praying chorus.

'Do you like the singing, little one?'

A tall, sweet-faced, white-headed man spoke to her suddenly, and put an arm around her.

Janie frowned a little and tried to jerk away, but he held her lovingly. All at once, somehow, she thought of the torn dress and the clumping shoes.

'I come in 'cause I couldn't understand the words,' she told him sullenly.

'And do you now?' he asked, still holding her in that kind arm. 'Do you begin to understand how you need Jesus, just as they do?' he said, pointing up to the men and women in the choir.

'What would he do for yer?' asked Janie suddenly. 'Make ye have new dresses that wa'n't ragged? Make yer father stop goin' to the rum shop? Give ye a dinner every day? Make folks be good to yer? That's what I'm needin'!'

'Yes!' said the gray-haired, kind-faced man. 'That and ever so much more! That isn't the beginning of what he will do for you! Kneel right down here now, in his church and ask him.'

That was a long time ago, but it all came true—every word. Janie says the beautiful part of her life began when she knelt down in God's church and told him how much she needed him.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Rhyming Maxims.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,—
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,—Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
—Light it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,—
Meet it.

If you're given light to see,
What a child of God should be,—
See it.

Whether a life is bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear,—
Hear it.

—'The Independent.

No room for Him in the inn! How is it with you and me, this year of our Lord? Is there a place for Him in these hearts of ours? Are we letting Him be crowded out, either by the deceitfulness of riches, the solicitudes of poverty, or the cumbering cares of business?—Margaret E. Sangster.

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON I.

1. Q. What is one of the best foods?

A. Milk is the most complete food.

2. Q. What is the best drink?

A. Water is the natural drink.

3. Q. What unnatural drinks do men take?

A. Drinks containing alcohol.

4. Q. What is alcohol?

A. Alcohol is an intoxicating fluid, lighter than water, colorless, and with a sharp, stinging taste.

5. Q. How does alcohol act when taken into the stomach?

A. It acts as a powerful poison.

6. Q. When was alcohol first discovered, and by whom?

A. About seven hundred years ago, by a chemist who was experimenting in search of an 'elixir of life.'

7. Q. Was alcohol this 'elixir of life'?

A. No. The chemist, after a wild career of drunkenness, died in a drunken stupor.

8. Q. Is alcohol a natural drink?

A. No; it is the result of fermentation and rot.

9. Q. What drinks contain alcohol?

A. Wine, beer, cider, gin, and all other 'spirituous liquors.'

10. Q. What peculiar effect has alcohol on the appetite of those who drink it?

A. Alcohol produces a craving for itself in those who drink it, so that the more they drink, the more they want of this terrible poison.

11. Q. Does this poison cause death?

A. Yes; in many cases children, and sometimes grown people, have been suddenly killed by drinking liquors containing much alcohol. Its use always shortens life.

12. Q. What does the Bible say about wine and strong drink?

A. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

A Bad Fire.

'Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?'

'No, Smith; where was it?'

'Here in the city.'

'What a misfortune to him. Was it a good house?'

'Yes; a nice house and lot—a good home for any family.'

'What a pity. How did the fire take?'

'The man played with fire and thoughtlessly set it himself.'

'How silly! Did you say the lot was burned, too?'

'Yes, lot and all; all gone, slick and clean.'

'That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire—and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot.'

'No; it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody.'

'But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You have not told me.'

'It burned a long time—more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone.'

'I can't understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it.'

'Well, then, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars per month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to three thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, besides all the interest. Now, if well invested, the money would double once in about seven years. So that the whole sum would be more than twenty thousand dollars. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?'

'Whew! I guess you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it didn't cost so much as that; and I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up. What a fool I have been!'

The boys would better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.—'Forward.'

THE LATE HON LORD COLERIDGE—1821-94.
(Lord Chief Justice of England.)

A Terrible Indictment.

The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge many times spoke plainly on the subject of strong drink. Among his utterances are the following:—

The crimes of violence, which in a large proportion fill the calendar, without a single exception, have begun in public-houses, and are due to drunkenness. . . . I think it is in the course of my duty to say that, within my experience as a judge, and having lived some considerable time in the world amongst other judges, and judges of much larger experience than myself, it is certainly the case that if we could make England sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of the jails.—Durham, 1877.

I suppose it is because the fact is so plain that nobody pays the slightest attention to it, viz., that drunkenness is a vice which fills the jails of England, and that if we could make England sober we could do away with nine-tenths of the prisons.—Bristol, 1878.

All the cases that have come before me, with one exception, have had their beginning or ending in drink.—Manchester, 1881.

Drunkenness is mainly the cause of the commoner sorts of crime, and if England could be made sober, three-fourths of the jails might be closed.—Birmingham, 1891.

At a moderate estimate something like nineteen-twentieths of the crime that has to be tried in courts is due to drink.—Liverpool, 1892.—'Alliance Almanac.'

Be Careful What You Sow, Boys.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys;
The dew will fall, the rain will splash,
The clouds grow dark, the sunshine flash;
And he who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
The weeds you plant will grow, boys;
The scattered seed from thoughtless hand
Must gathered be by God's command;
And he who sows wild oats to-day,
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, boys!
And not the briars and weeds, boys.
The harvest time its joys shall bring,
And when we reap our hearts shall sing;
For he who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

—C. C. Case, in 'Temperance Record.'

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON II.—Jan. 10.

The Holy Spirit Given.

Acts ii., 1-13.

(Study also Vs. 14-21. Commit Vs. 1-4.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. —Acts ii., 4.

LESSON STORY.

When the day of Pentecost at last came, the disciples were all together in one place. Suddenly they heard a sound like a mighty wind rushing through the house, and they saw 'cloven tongues, like as of fire.' These fiery tongues abode on each one present, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in foreign tongues.

Now, there were at Jerusalem devout Jews from many nations, who, when they heard of this strange event, all crowded to hear the disciples, and were filled with amazement because every man heard them speaking in his own language. 'Are not all these which speak Galileans?' they asked. 'How is it, then, that we hear every man speaking our languages?' There were Parthians, Medes, Elamites and men from Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, men from Phrygia, Pamphilia, Egypt, Crete, Arabia, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and those who had embraced the Jewish religion. And they were all amazed beyond measure and troubled in their minds about this strange event, and some mocked, saying, 'These men are full of new wine.' But Peter stood up to defend their conduct and to preach about Jesus to the people.

LESSON HINTS.

'When the day of Pentecost was fully come.' The disciples were obedient to the command and waited till they received the promise. If they had waited patiently for nine days and then became discouraged and gone back to their nets, or gone out to do the preaching in their own strength, they might never have received this wonderful blessing. 'They were all with one accord.' The reason a great many churches and societies do not receive this blessing is that they are not 'of one accord.' The dove of peace cannot dwell in hearts full of contention and strife.

'There came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind.' Our Lord used the simile of the wind in His talk with Nicodemus (John iii., 8), and to us it must ever stand as a mystery, the symbol of that with which we come in continual contact, but which we may never behold or fully comprehend. The balmy zephyr which plays about and scarce disturbs the tiniest flower is part of the same force which tears up great trees, lashes oceans into fury, and wrecks great ships. So the gentle Comforter, the dove of peace, is the same Holy Spirit, who convicts and breaks down the most hardened sinner.

'It filled the house.' So the Holy Spirit would take possession of our natures, filling every nook and cranny.

'There appeared . . . cloven tongues' to show that the tongue was to be the chief implement in their future work. When the prophet Isaiah had complained of his inability to preach for God, a 'live coal' was laid on his lips and his iniquity was taken away, that he might be the Lord's mouthpiece. Many of God's people hold back from active service because they have not yet received 'the gift of tongues,' and seem not to know that He is able and willing to bestow it upon them. These tongues appeared to be of fire, signifying the fiery enthusiasm with which the disciples were to preach the Gospel. It is very necessary that we should have 'hot hearts' in this work. God warns us against lukewarmness (Rev. iii., 16). The water in the engine may be very warm, but if it is not actually boiling it cannot move the engine.

'It sat upon each of them'—the women as well as the men. This was to show that the Holy Spirit would permanently abide with them.

'They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' The gift is for all, headstrong Peter, doubting Thomas, fervid John, and all the other disciples, with their widely different temperaments and characteristics.

They 'began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.' Skeptics have cavilled at the command of our Lord to the disciples to preach to all nations; how could these ignorant men, with no leisure time, sit down and study the languages of those whom they were to go among? How could they preach without the language? Pentecost has been called 'the reversal of Babel,' for at Pentecost God gave these men the power to speak in the different languages they would need.

And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation.' The Jews were much scattered. Jewish colonies were to be found in every known country of the world. Great numbers of them came up to the feast of the Passover, and many foreign Jews came to spend their declining years at Jerusalem. Besides this, the 'weeks' of Daniel's prophecy were nearly run out, and devout Jews, looking for the coming of the Messiah, had assembled at Jerusalem to wait there for Him. When the sound of the 'mighty wind' and the apostles' speaking was heard abroad, the people all crowded to the spot to hear them, and each one heard in his own language. Probably eighteen or twenty different languages were spoken by as many different disciples, and the Jews, seeing that the apostles were simple Galileans, wondered more and more that each man heard plainly about the wonderful works of God.' 'What meaneth this?' they asked, and some (probably those who lived in Jerusalem and Judea, and not understanding the other languages, thought that the disciples were talking nonsense) were willing to put the worst construction upon the strange doings, and said, 'These men are full of new wine.' To these Peter made his defence in their own dialect, while the rest of the disciples probably continued to preach and explain to the others in their own tongues.

Suggested Hymns.—'Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,' 'Ho! every one that is thirsty in spirit,' 'Come Spirit, source of light,' 'Jesus, we Thy promise claim,' 'More about Jesus,' 'Almost Persuaded.'

LESSON HYMN.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone
Can deeper love inspire;
His power alone within our hearts
Can light the sacred fire.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can gi
The grace we need this hour;
And while we wait, O Spirit come
In sanctifying power.

O Spirit of Love, descend;
Come in our midst, we pray,
And like a rushing mighty wind
Sweep over our souls to-day.

Conversion of Children.

Sunday-school teachers should co-operate with parents in seeking the conversion of every child old enough to comprehend the truth that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Childhood we believe to be the normal time of life to turn to God for salvation. We will give a few reasons for this our belief:

In childhood the spiritual instincts are quicker, stronger and truer than at any other period in life. The heart is tender, having not yet become hardened by long resistance to the claims of the Gospel. The heart is especially susceptible to religious impressions in childhood, and is easily moved by hearing of and reflecting upon God's love as shown in human redemption. Children are not bound with the habits of sin as is the case with older people. They are comparative strangers to pride, lust, ambition, love of money and love of fashion.

Children are free from the engrossments of family and business cares. These things are formidable barriers in the way of the conversion of adults. The characteristic qualities of childhood are docility, trustfulness and readiness to be led heavenward as much as earthward. Their minds and hearts are not preoccupied with all manner of things that must be dislodged before religious thought and truth can find a foothold.

Children are free from skepticism. They give unqualified assent to every statement of God's Word. They have no doubts and fears to deplore. Their minds have not been poisoned with the sharp sayings of men, whose life work is to undermine the religious faith of others. They believe what God says concerning themselves, concerning Christ, concerning heaven and hell, without asking any questions. There is a primal impulse Godward in childhood, and we do well to recognize this fact in the most practical way.

To secure the conversion of children there must be definite work. Exhortations, pleadings and prayers are often too general. In aiming at all no one is reached in particular. Let the children be individually spoken to and urged to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour. The work should be definite in another sense. Let there be no vagueness about what we are after. We mean to secure the conversion of their souls, the renewal of their hearts, and their entire devotion to the cause of Christ.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

What Is Needed.

At this happy season of the year the Sabbath-school is full, and teachers are happy; but after the holidays there is a growing decline in interest. As the months of the new year pass by, teachers begin to tire in the work, and scholars to drop off. So there is more or less of a drag in keeping things going until warm weather sets in, when, in large towns and cities, there is great difficulty to secure enough teachers for the classes, and many children absent themselves for the summer. Then in the fall there is an effort to reorganize and revive the school, and it increases in numbers and vitality until Christmas-time. This is the history of too many Sabbath-schools in our land. Is it not time to institute a reform? Shall it not begin at once? Shall it not shape itself in seeking a revival of religion in our Sabbath-schools? To this end, let there be individual and concerted prayer. Let teachers get together for this special object. We have teachers' meeting for the study of the lesson, and sometimes for general consultation as to ways and means for carrying on the school. Why, then, not have a prayer-meeting from day to day for the avowed purpose of seeking the outpouring of the Spirit upon teachers, officers and scholars? With his manifestation in quickening and converting power, the attendance on the part of all will be more regular, and greater spirituality and energy will be imparted to all departments of Sabbath-school work.—'Presbyterian Observer.'

Tact in Teaching.

In nothing is tact so essential to success as in teaching the young. The best equipped teacher without it will fail; a very ordinary one, so far as talent or mental culture is concerned, with it will succeed. Lytton, speaking of some ancient philosophor, says: 'He possessed the nameless art of making a personal impression upon his disciples, and of creating individual enthusiasm.' The nameless art of which Lytton speaks is tact. It is a thing that seems to defy definition. We know not how to characterize it, but we recognize it wherever it exists.

It is only by tact that a teacher can make a personal impression upon the scholars. In this way he stamps his own individuality upon them. In this way he attaches them to himself by the strongest ties of love and friendship. Having drawn them to his own heart, he is more likely to lead them to the heart of the blessed Saviour. A teacher who fails to secure the love of his scholars is a failure. A boy in speaking of the love of his class for their teacher, said, 'Any of us would die for him.' This may have been an extravagant expression of devotion, and yet it expressed their feelings of attachment and affection.

It is the teacher with tact who has an insight into the religious feelings and spiritual desires of the members of his class. The young, as a rule, are rather reticent to express their religious yearnings. They need to be drawn out. Only the efforts of a truly sympathizing heart can do this. Sympathy without tact, without an insight into the struggles that are going on within, will not be sufficient. The necessary tact to help struggling souls into the kingdom of light and peace is a gift worth coveting. May we not add, a gift which the Holy Spirit is ever ready to impart.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Creeping Baby.

When the baby begins to creep, the young mother must remember to keep dangerous things out of his way. Coal hods should be put into the kitchen closet, for babies are very apt to find them. Never leave knives, scissors or needles where the child can climb up and get them; if there is an open fire in the house watch the baby most closely.

I shall never forget my terror one day upon coming into the house to find my child (just beginning to walk alone) with a long stick he had found somewhere and lighted by sticking the end into the open grate. He was toddling about with it, laughing gleefully at the pretty red flame; it was a lesson to me that I have never forgotten. Of course we must teach children not to touch such and such articles, but this has to come gradually, so it is often wise to put an extra fastening upon pantry and china closet doors, placing them high up out of their reach.

Let me tell you how we came to place this fastening on our pantry door. Our boy had the average curiosity, and had tried on several occasions to get into the pantry. One day while cooking I went downstairs to get some ingredients to use. I was gone but a short time, and supposed the pantry locked; so it was, but he had found out how to turn the key, and when I came up he was putting various things down the molasses jug, into nearly a gallon of the best Porto Rico. Among the articles were some wooden skewers and a small brush I used about the sink. So my molasses was spoiled, and lesson number two was learned. —'Christian Work.'

Positive and Negative.

'My aunt was always saying to me, "Don't talk so loud; your voice gets shriller every day!" ' said a pleasant-voiced friend. 'I became so nervous and irritated under this chronic rebuke that my voice was more uneven and harsh than ever, and I hardly dared speak at home. At last I visited my cousins in L—— (they are noted for their sweet voices, you know), and then suddenly I noticed the wide difference, which I had never understood before, between a rough voice and a well-modulated one, and set myself, so to speak, to catch the trick of their intonations and their tones. In a month's time, really, I talked like a different girl. And when I came home my aunt said, "Well, I am glad to see that at last my reproofs have made an impression upon you, Clara!" But they hadn't, you know—the only impression she made was to make me unhappy and nervous. I have never forgotten the lesson; and when I want my children to improve in any way I give them an opportunity to hear and see the right thing before I reprove them for not following it.'—'Harper's Bazar.'

Amusing Children.

A lady starting on a long journey with two children placed in her satchel some pieces of cardboard, scissors and lead pencils. After the novelty of car riding had worn off this wise woman produced her treasures. One child cut the cardboard into pieces three-quarters of an inch square, the other printed on each square a letter. The alphabet was repeated many times. Then each formed words from the letters and gave to the other to make out. In this way they amused themselves for hours.

The mother might have taken the game from home with less trouble to herself, but well she knew there would be more satisfaction in making it for themselves. Paper dolls were cut and extensive wardrobes fashioned from bright-colored paper that had been thoughtfully provided. At the end of the journey the passengers declared the children wonderfully well-behaved, and wished they might always travel with such happy little people. The fact was the children were ordinary children, but their hours had been so pleasantly occupied there had been no opportunity for becoming weary and then disagreeable.—'Good Housekeeping.'

It seems an easy matter to have nice baked apples, but when I recall some that I have seen, I remember that it is in the care in the little things that the secret of their goodness lies. They must be wiped clean, be free from specks or bruises, and be baked in granite or earthen, not in tin or iron. The flavor is better if the skin be left on, but the core should be removed, for if even one sharp bit of the seed hull is left and you are the one to find it in your teeth, the delicacy of the dish is gone. Put the cored apples in a granite dish, fill the core cavities with sugar and cover the bottom of the pan with water. Bake quickly and baste often with the syrup. Apples that are not suitable to be baked whole may be pared and quartered and put into a deep pudding dish with half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water for each quart of apple. Cover and bake very slowly until tender, three or four hours. Or, you may stew the whole apples first in a little water, being careful not to let them break, then add sugar to the water, put the apples into a dish and bake, basting them with the syrup. Have enough syrup to form a sauce when done.—'American Kitchen Magazine.'

Baked Apples.

Our Bible Competition.

We have received one hundred and seven sketches of the life and reign of King Solomon. Almost all of these are very good, indeed, especially those of the younger ones. We notice the names of very few boys, and wonder why the boys should not take as much interest as the girls.

In the Senior Class there are eighty-one names, and in the Junior twenty-six. We are very glad to note that some of these sketches come from the far west, British Columbia, Oregon, etc. One is from Wisconsin, but of course the greater number are from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

There will be a good deal of work in deciding which of all these good manuscripts is the best. But we hope to announce the results of the competition next week.

Following are the names of those who have sent in papers:—

JUNIOR.

Bertha M. Wilkins, Jessie Ethel Fowlie, Gracia Chambers, Eva A. Smith, Bertha E. Gray, Eva Hamilton, Ethel Whetter, Alice Gaston, Herbert Clarke, Jessie M. Zimmerman, Roy Sponenburg, Ruth E. Everett, William Arthur Braddon, Alberta Adams, Norman Henley, S. J. Manson, Marjory B. Telford, Richard McInnis, Zella May Hanna, Gertrude McKinnell, Alphie S. St. John, Lulu Spencer, Ella Amelia LeGrand, Nellie Christie, Ellen Jane McLennan, Annie Newton Ireland.

SENIOR.

Blanche Boyd, Edwin Herbert Gray, M. McMayhen, Ethel MacGunnigle, Laura McDonald, James E. Moore, Emily McEdwards, Ralph Edgar Waddell, Addie L. Allan, Maggie Lockerbie, Laura A. Harvey, Ella Wilcock, Annie McKnight, Eva Irwin, Theressa Meiklejohn, Sarah S. Tupper, Eliza Jane Clock, Eleanor Winnifred Walker, Nellie Orr, John Hamilton Bennett, Grace Martin, Louisa Park, Maud Harrison, Mary G. Murray, Annie Reid, Sadie Jane Fulton, George Hugh McCallum, George H. C. Johnston, Tienette Kierstead, Winnifred M. Brereton, Grace D. Allan, Aggie Currie, Barbara A. Matthews, Mintie E. Davis, Eva Van Ostran, Sara Henderson, John Richardson, Gertie M. Beck, Carrie Johnston, Georgia Milne, Hattie Berry, Janet A. Craig, Ethel Gertrude Peterkin, Harry Seeber, Clara B. Kindree, Charles A. Grant, Ethel Irene Grant, Henry Wadsworth, Wilfred R. Leroux, Laura Lucinda Keane, Henrietta Louisa Ferris, Ida Ward, Florence Stevens, Howard O. Eaman, Katie Cumming, Henry C. Sloan, Annie Kew, Mabel M. Wilcox, Cora May Sider, Ernest A. Allin, Annie E. Scott, Gordon C. Keith, Elspie E. McDonald, Maggie Pathello Kirkwood, Gracie Bell Cameron, Gertrude Pringle, Ella M. Kelly, Georgie Morrow, Annie B. Speer, Jennie Nichol, Lillie James, Harry Atkinson, Bertie Smith, Margaret A. McKnight, Nettie Victoria Stone, Florence G. A. Boyle, Florence Lilian Thompson, Jeanie Ross Ledingham, Alice L. Justason, Rose S. McWilliam, Mrs. William Kaizie.

Temperance Catechism.

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